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THE MAXX

MAXXTHIZED

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MAXXIMIZED

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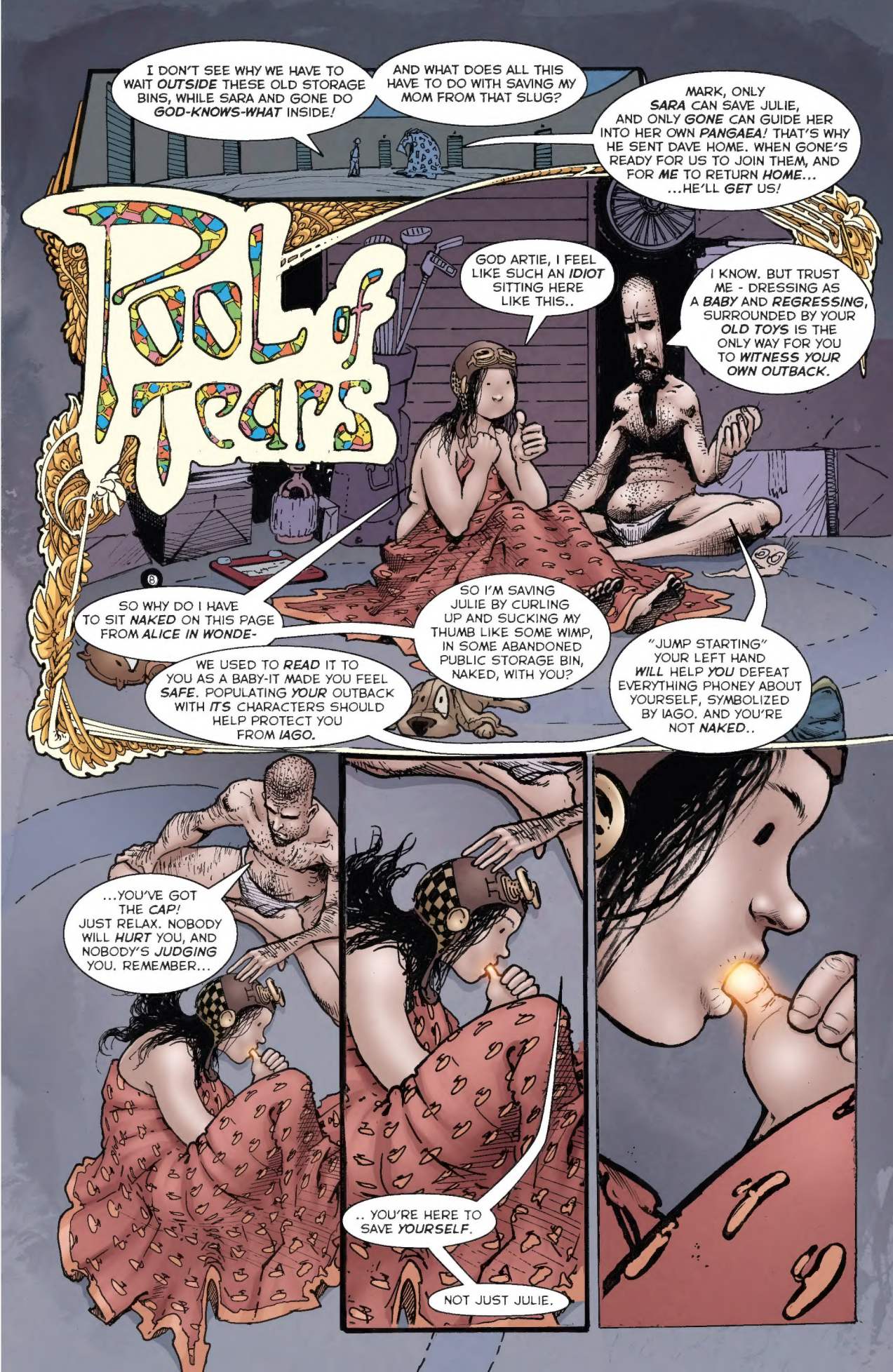
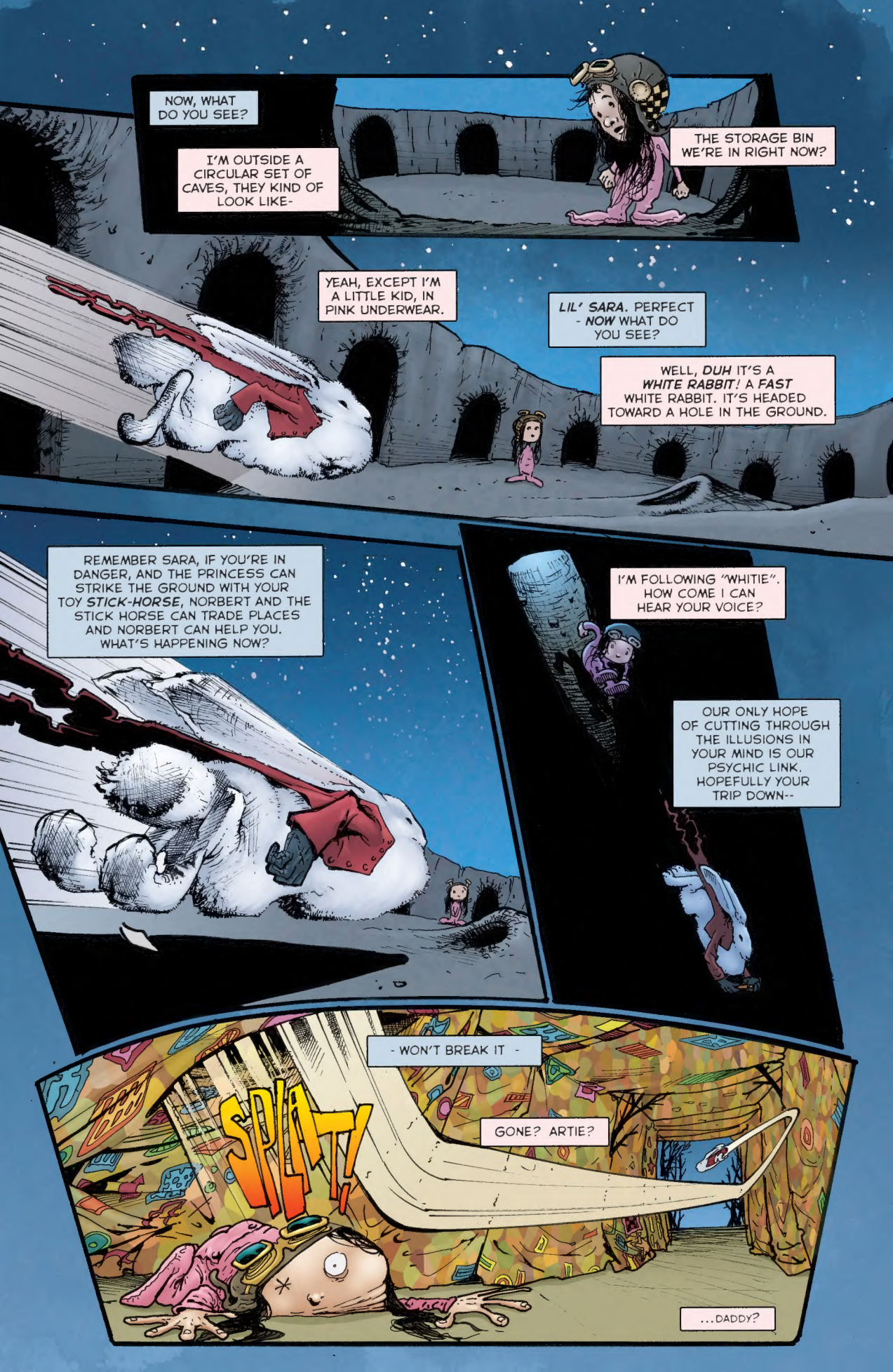
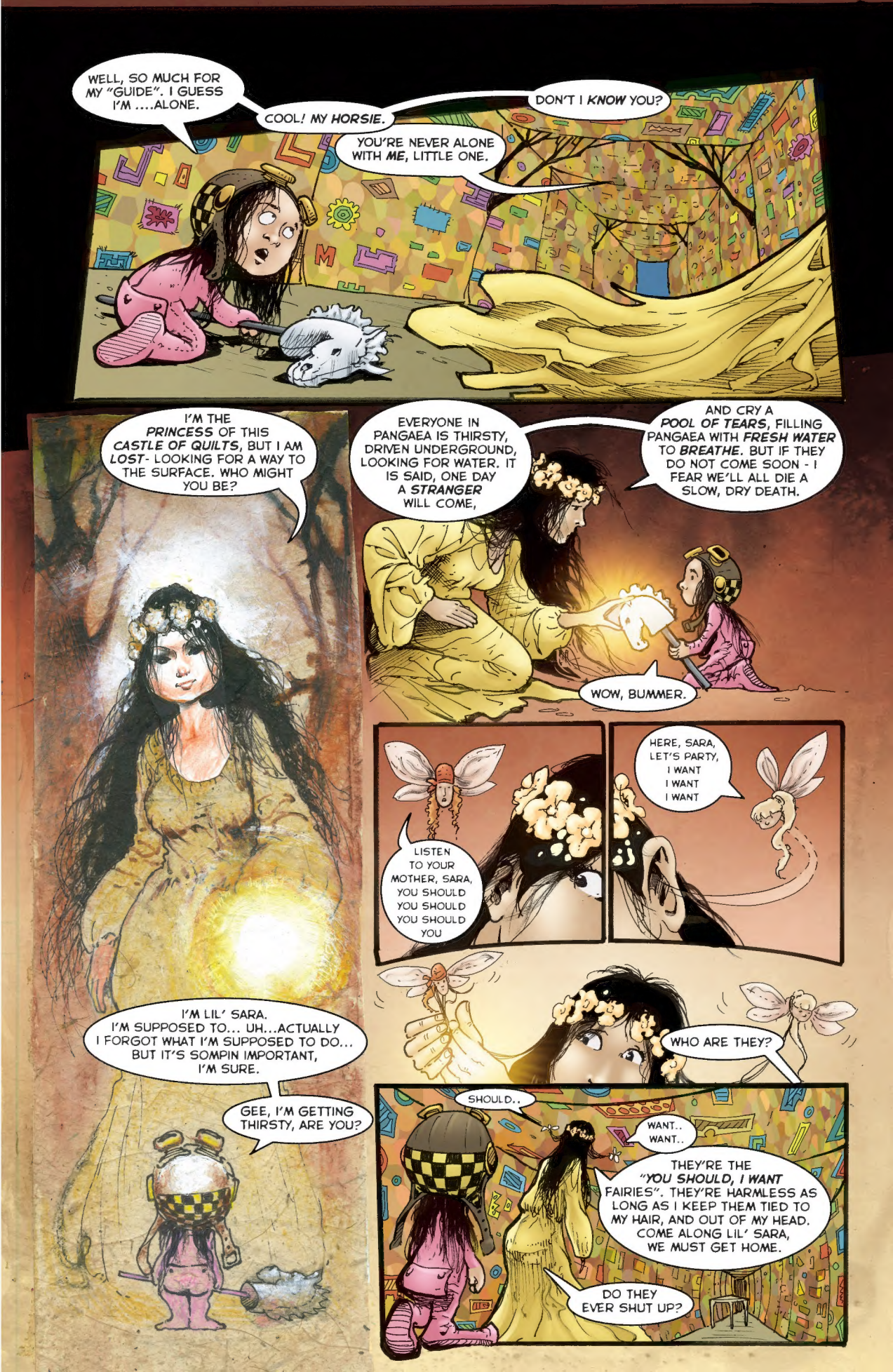
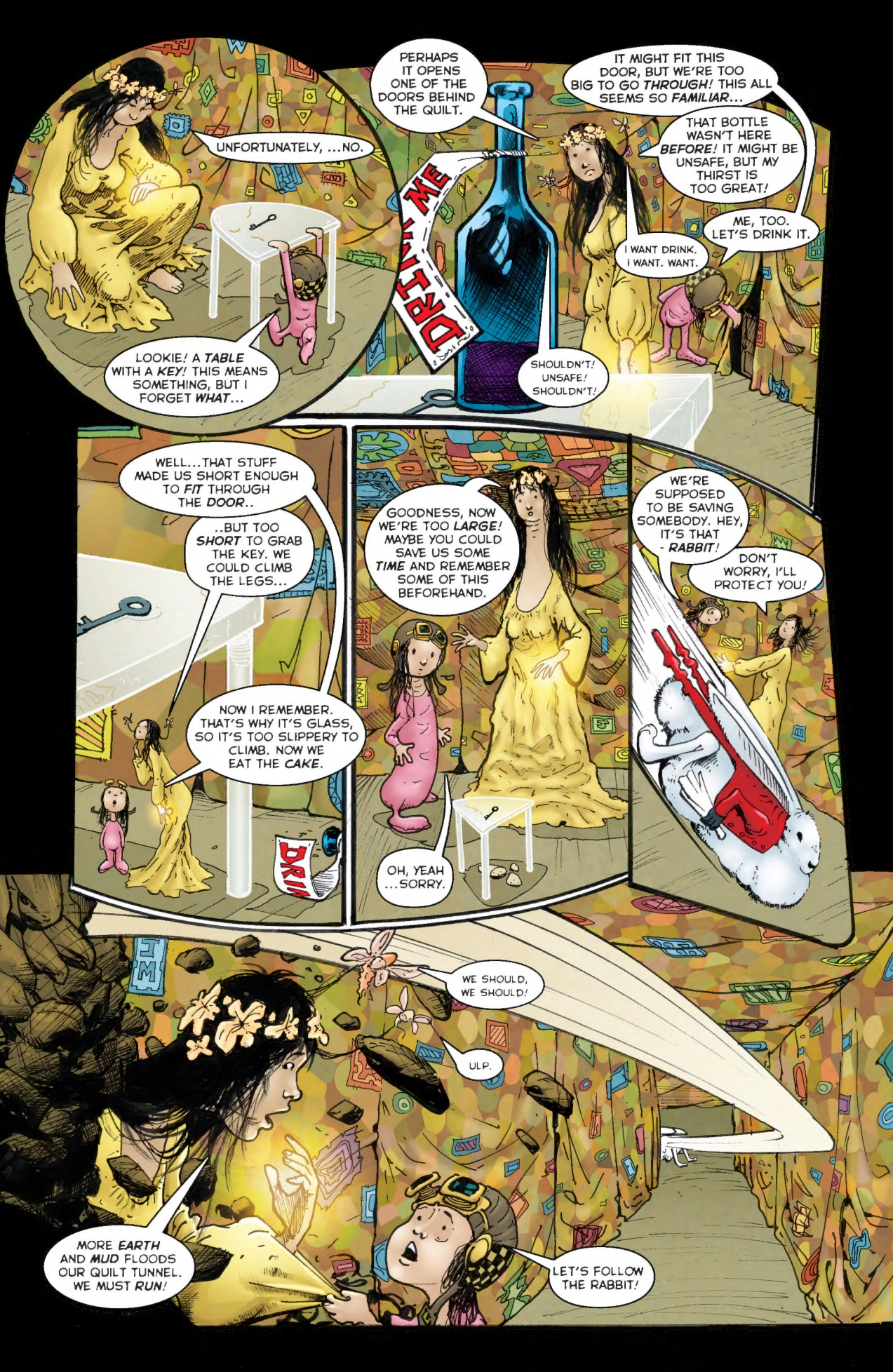

Pool of Tears
I DON'T SEE WHY WE HAVE TO WAIT OUTSIDE THESE OLD STORAGE BINS, WHILE SARA AND GONE DO GOD-KNOWS-WHAT INSIDE!
AND WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH SAVING MY MOM FROM THAT SLUG?
MARK, ONLY SARA CAN SAVE JULIE, AND ONLY GONE CAN GUIDE HER INTO HER OWN PANGAEA! THAT'S WHY HE SENT DAVE HOME. WHEN GONE'S READY FOR US TO JOIN THEM, AND FOR ME TO RETURN HOME... ...HE'LL GET US!
GOD ARTIE, I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN IDIOT SITTING HERE LIKE THIS..
I KNOW. BUT TRUST ME - DRESSING AS A BABY AND REGRESSING, SURROUNDED BY YOUR OLD TOYS IS THE ONLY WAY FOR YOU TO WITNESS YOUR OWN OUTBACK.
SO WHY DO I HAVE TO SIT NAKED ON THIS PAGE FROM ALICE IN WONDE-
SO I'M SAVING JULIE BY CURLING UP AND SUCKING MY THUMB LIKE SOME WIMP, IN SOME ABANDONED PUBLIC STORAGE BIN, NAKED, WITH YOU?
WE USED TO READ IT TO YOU AS A BABY-IT MADE YOU FEEL SAFE. POPULATING YOUR OUTBACK WITH ITS CHARACTERS SHOULD HELP PROTECT YOU FROM IAGO.
"JUMP STARTING" YOUR LEFT HAND WILL HELP YOU DEFEAT EVERYTHING PHONEY ABOUT YOURSELF, SYMBOLIZED BY IAGO. AND YOU'RE NOT NAKED..
...YOU'VE GOT THE CAP! JUST RELAX. NOBODY WILL HURT YOU, AND NOBODY'S JUDGING YOU. REMEMBER...
.. YOU'RE HERE TO SAVE YOURSELF.
NOT JUST JULIE.

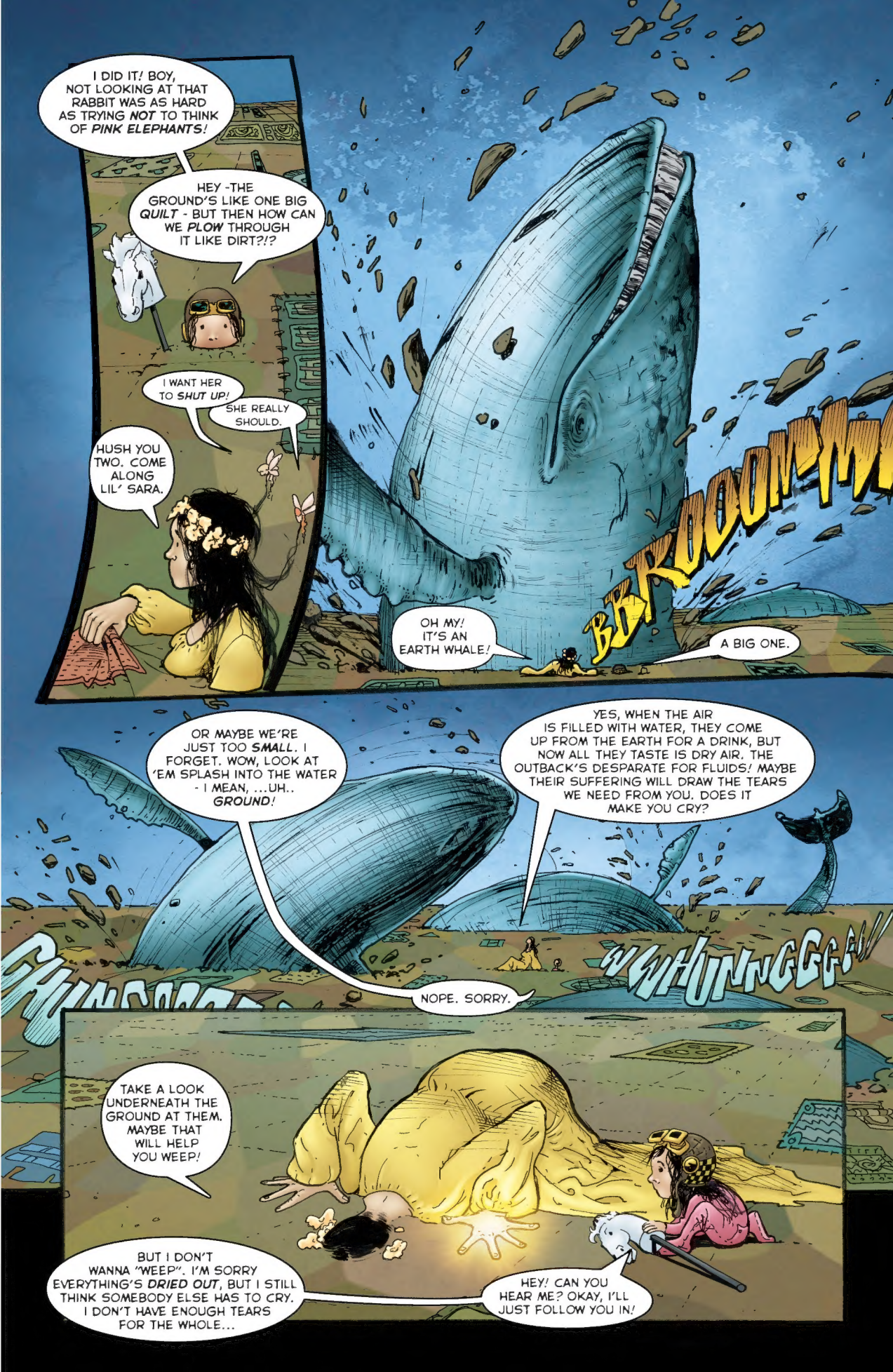

NOW, WHAT DO YOU SEE?
I'M OUTSIDE A CIRCULAR SET OF CAVES, THEY KIND OF LOOK LIKE-
THE STORAGE BIN WE'RE IN RIGHT NOW?
YEAH, EXCEPT I'M A LITTLE KID, IN PINK UNDERWEAR.
LIL' SARA. PERFECT - NOW WHAT DO YOU SEE?
WELL, DUH IT'S A WHITE RABBIT! A FAST WHITE RABBIT. IT'S HEADED TOWARD A HOLE IN THE GROUND.
REMEMBER SARA, IF YOU'RE IN DANGER, AND THE PRINCESS CAN STRIKE THE GROUND WITH YOUR TOY STICK-HORSE, NORBERT AND THE STICK HORSE CAN TRADE PLACES AND NORBERT CAN HELP YOU. WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?
I'M FOLLOWING "WHITIE". HOW COME I CAN HEAR YOUR VOICE?
OUR ONLY HOPE OF CUTTING THROUGH THE ILLUSIONS IN YOUR MIND IS OUR PSYCHIC LINK. HOPEFULLY YOUR TRIP DOWN--
- WON'T BREAK IT -
SPLAT!
GONE? ARTIE?
...DADDY?


WELL, SO MUCH FOR MY "GUIDE". I GUESS I'M ....ALONE.
COOL! MY HORSIE.
DON'T I KNOW YOU?
YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH ME, LITTLE ONE.
I'M THE PRINCESS OF THIS CASTLE OF QUILTS, BUT I AM LOST- LOOKING FOR A WAY TO THE SURFACE. WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
EVERYONE IN PANGAEA IS THIRSTY, DRIVEN UNDERGROUND, LOOKING FOR WATER. IT IS SAID, ONE DAY A STRANGER WILL COME,
AND CRY A POOL OF TEARS, FILLING PANGAEA WITH FRESH WATER TO BREATHE. BUT IF THEY DO NOT COME SOON - I FEAR WE'LL ALL DIE A SLOW, DRY DEATH.
WOW, BUMMER.
LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER, SARA, YOU SHOULD YOU SHOULD YOU SHOULD YOU
HERE, SARA, LET'S PARTY, I WANT I WANT I WANT
I'M LIL' SARA. I'M SUPPOSED TO... UH...ACTUALLY I FORGOT WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO... BUT IT'S SOMPIN IMPORTANT, I'M SURE.
GEE, I'M GETTING THIRSTY, ARE YOU?
WHO ARE THEY?
SHOULD..
WANT.. WANT..
THEY'RE THE "YOU SHOULD, I WANT FAIRIES". THEY'RE HARMLESS AS LONG AS I KEEP THEM TIED TO MY HAIR, AND OUT OF MY HEAD. COME ALONG LIL' SARA, WE MUST GET HOME.
DO THEY EVER SHUT UP?


UNFORTUNATELY, ...NO.
LOOKIE! A TABLE WITH A KEY! THIS MEANS SOMETHING, BUT I FORGET WHAT...
PERHAPS IT OPENS ONE OF THE DOORS BEHIND THE QUILT.
DRINK ME
SHOULDN'T! UNSAFE! SHOULDN'T!
IT MIGHT FIT THIS DOOR, BUT WE'RE TOO BIG TO GO THROUGH! THIS ALL SEEMS SO FAMILIAR...
THAT BOTTLE WASN'T HERE BEFORE! IT MIGHT BE UNSAFE, BUT MY THIRST IS TOO GREAT!
ME, TOO. LET'S DRINK IT.
I WANT DRINK. I WANT. WANT.
WELL...THAT STUFF MADE US SHORT ENOUGH TO FIT THROUGH THE DOOR..
..BUT TOO SHORT TO GRAB THE KEY. WE COULD CLIMB THE LEGS...
NOW I REMEMBER. THAT'S WHY IT'S GLASS, SO IT'S TOO SLIPPERY TO CLIMB. NOW WE EAT THE CAKE.
DRINK
GOODNESS, NOW WE'RE TOO LARGE! MAYBE YOU COULD SAVE US SOME TIME AND REMEMBER SOME OF THIS BEFOREHAND.
OH, YEAH ...SORRY.
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SAVING SOMEBODY. HEY, IT'S THAT - RABBIT!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL PROTECT YOU!
WE SHOULD, WE SHOULD!
ULP.
MORE EARTH AND MUD FLOODS OUR QUILT TUNNEL. WE MUST RUN!
LET'S FOLLOW THE RABBIT!

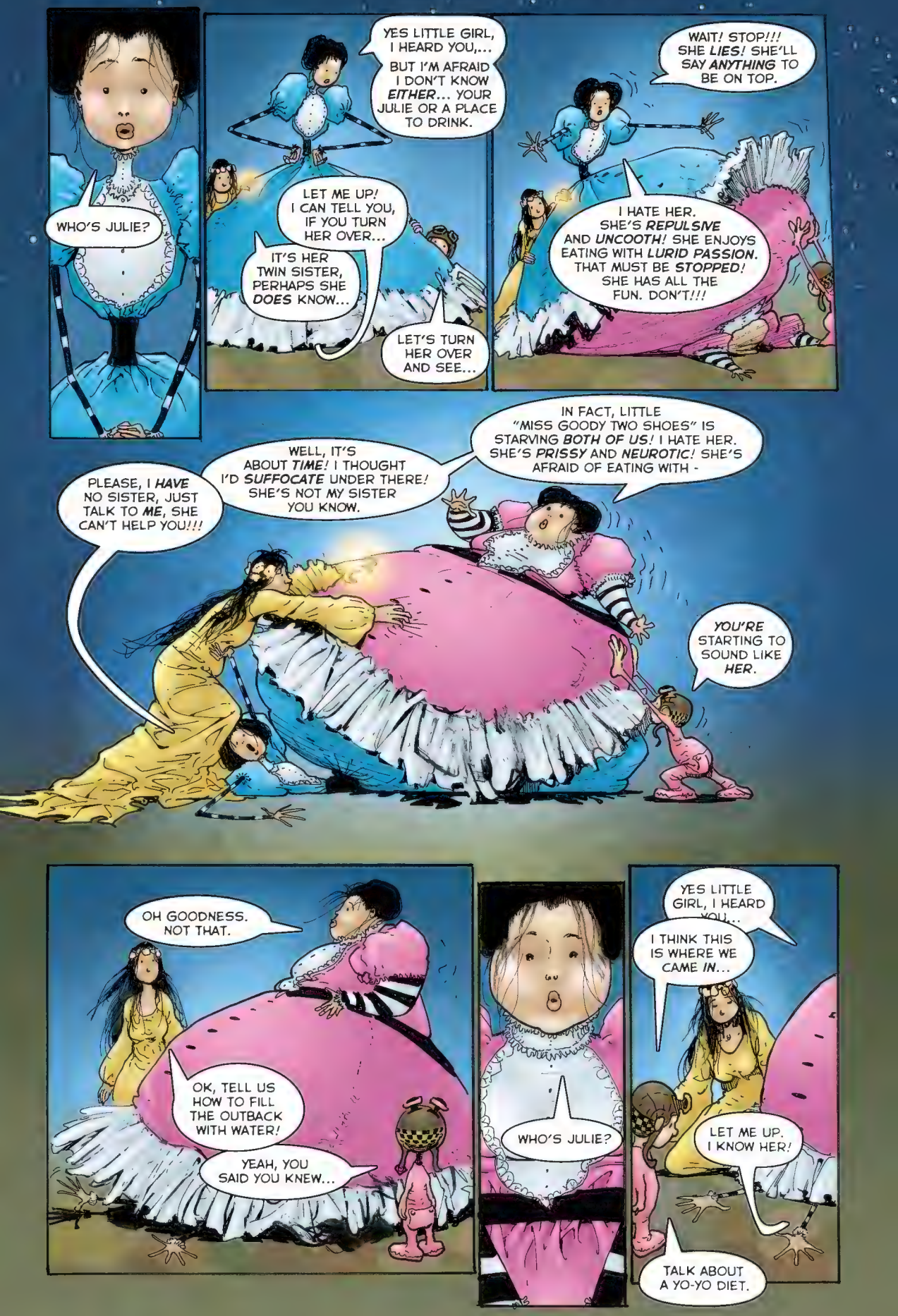
DON'T FOLLOW THE RABBIT SARA, IT WILL LEAD YOU IN CIRCLES!
THERE'S NO TIME, IT'S TOO LATE! WE'RE DROWNING IN EARTH!
ALL FOR THE LACK OF A STRANGER'S TEARS!
EEP!
IS THIS MUD?
I SURE DON'T SMELL LIKE MUD! HEY, WHERE'D SHE GO? WHO CARES, I'M FALLING TO MY...
OOOFF!
HEY! ISN'T THIS WHERE I CAME IN? I'M GETTING SICK OF GOING SPLAT! SAY, WHAT'S THAT...
SPLAT!
....RUMBLING....
...SOUND?

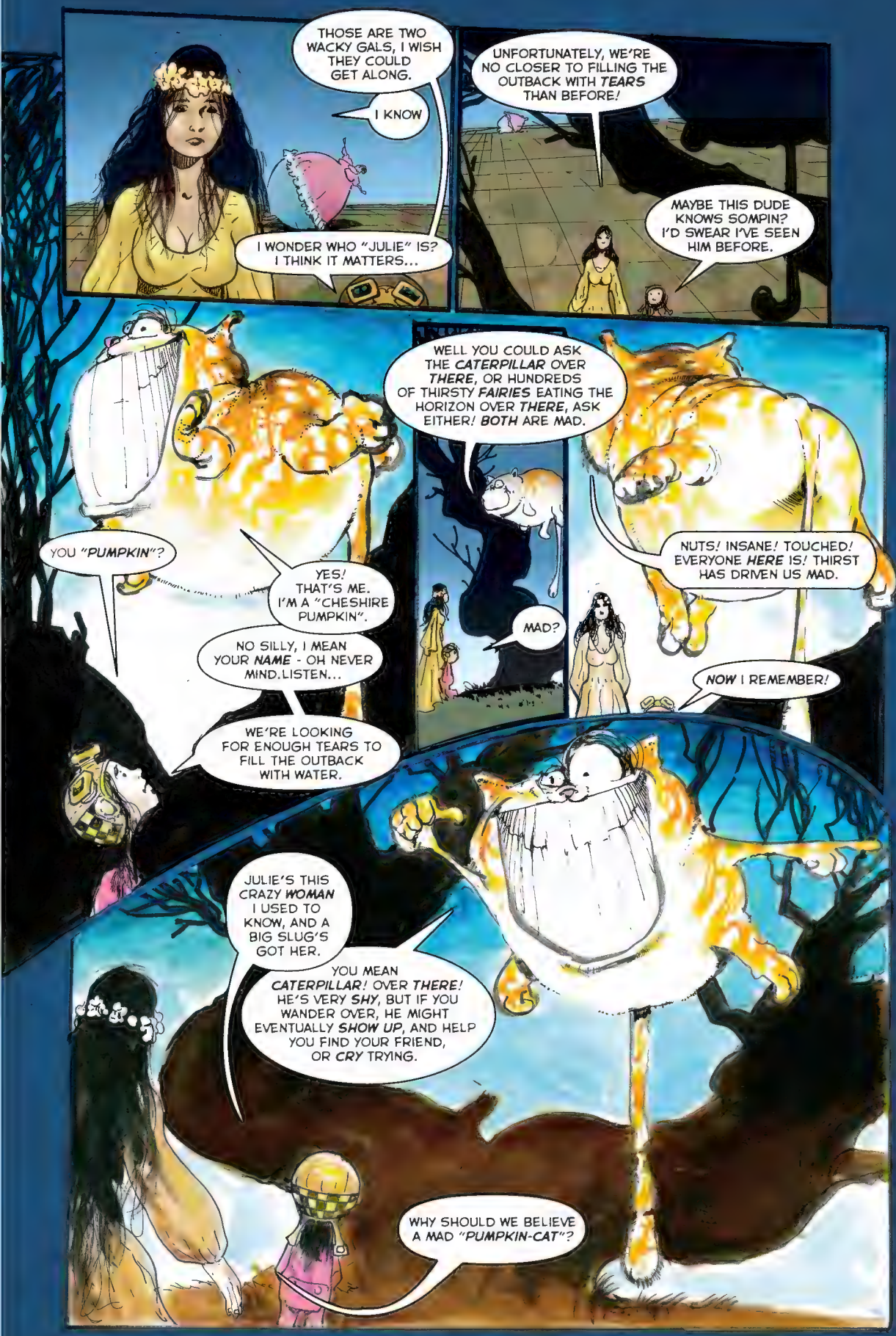
OH GREAT- THIS AGAIN!? MORE MUD???
IT'S COMING FROM YOU LIL' SARA. I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE STRANGER THE LEGEND SPOKE OF, ONLY INSTEAD OF TEARS, YOU'LL FILL THE OUTBACK WITH FOUL SMELLING MUD!
BUT I'M NOT CRYING MUD, PROMISE!
HUSH CHILD, THOUGH YOU MEAN NO HARM, YOU ARE THE SOURCE, I AM SURE. AT LEAST WE'VE REACHED THE SURFACE!
HEY, THE RABBIT WENT BACK DOWN -
DON'T LOOK!
@X#% HER, I WANNA LOOK!
SHOULDN'T LOOK! SHOULDN'T -
BUT IF YOU LOOK BACKWARDS YOU'LL BE....
..RIGHT WHERE YOU STARTED!
I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU SARA, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED.
SHE CAN @X#% OFF! WHEN YOU GOTTA LOOK, YOU GOTTA LOOK! RIGHT?
THE "WANT FAIRIE'S" GOT A DIRTY MOUTH!
OH SARA, WHEN WILL YOU LEARN TO IGNORE THE FAIRIES, AND LOOK PAST THE RABBIT!?
I KNOW!
SAY, WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING?

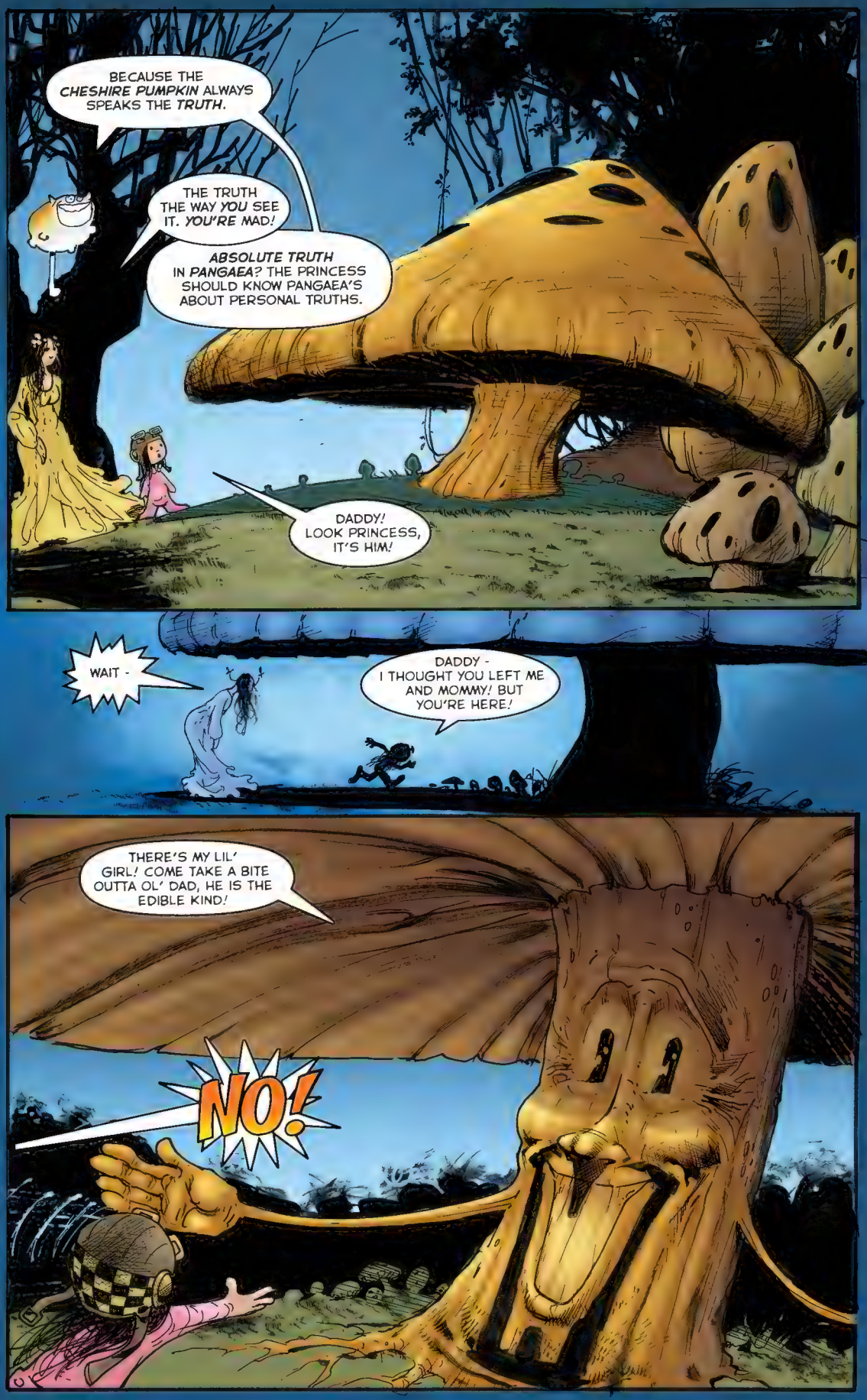

I DID IT! BOY, NOT LOOKING AT THAT RABBIT WAS AS HARD AS TRYING NOT TO THINK OF PINK ELEPHANTS!
HEY -THE GROUND'S LIKE ONE BIG QUILT - BUT THEN HOW CAN WE PLOW THROUGH IT LIKE DIRT?!?
I WANT HER TO SHUT UP!
SHE REALLY SHOULD.
HUSH YOU TWO. COME ALONG LIL' SARA.
KROOM-M
OH MY! IT'S AN EARTH WHALE!
A BIG ONE.
OR MAYBE WE'RE JUST TOO SMALL. I FORGET. WOW, LOOK AT 'EM SPLASH INTO THE WATER - I MEAN, ...UH.. GROUND!
YES, WHEN THE AIR IS FILLED WITH WATER, THEY COME UP FROM THE EARTH FOR A DRINK, BUT NOW ALL THEY TASTE IS DRY AIR. THE OUTBACK'S DESPARATE FOR FLUIDS! MAYBE THEIR SUFFERING WILL DRAW THE TEARS WE NEED FROM YOU. DOES IT MAKE YOU CRY?
NOPE. SORRY.
WHUNNGGG
TAKE A LOOK UNDERNEATH THE GROUND AT THEM. MAYBE THAT WILL HELP YOU WEEP!
BUT I DON'T WANNA "WEEP". I'M SORRY EVERYTHING'S DRIED OUT, BUT I STILL THINK SOMEBODY ELSE HAS TO CRY. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TEARS FOR THE WHOLE...
HEY! CAN YOU HEAR ME? OKAY, I'LL JUST FOLLOW YOU IN!

WOW.
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT LIL' SARA, THESE EARTH WHALES *ARE* TOO BIG!
WHICH MEANS *WE'RE* TOO SMALL!
RIGHT!
HEY, YOU'RE BIG - THAT CAKE YOU ATE MADE YOU GROW.
BUT NOW I THINK WE'RE TOO BIG.
WHO CARES. PUT ME DOWN, I WANT SOME CAKE!
LAME MUCHA RIP #3467
WOW. IT REALLY WORKS. I'M BIG AGAIN, OR NORMAL, OR WHATEVER.
I'M SORRY 'BOUT THE EARTH WHALES. I PROMISE I'LL TRY TO *CRY*, OKAY?

I WISH THE WHALES COULD GET A DRINK. I DON'T WANT 'EM TO DIE!
NO, IT WAS MY MISTAKE. YOUR SHOULDERS ARE TOO NARROW TO BE CARRYING ALL OF THAT. WHEN IT'S TIME, YOU'LL FLOOD THE WHOLE OF PANGAEA WITH SALTY OCEANS OF AIR TO BREATHE.
NOW LET'S SEE. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE RESCUING SOMEONE NAMED JULIE.
SAY, THEM FAIRIES ARE PRETTY QUIET.
THANKFULLY. SOMETIMES THEY SLEEP.
WHERE TO NOW? WOAW! WHO'S THAT?
IT'S DEE AND DUMB. TWIN SISTERS WHO DENY THAT EACH OTHER EXISTS. ONE LOVES THE TASTE OF WATER AND OVER DRINKS, WHILE THE OTHER IS REPULSED BY IT, AND STARVES HERSELF.
LET'S ASK HER IF SHE KNOWS WHO JULIE IS, AND HOW TO FLOOD AN OUTBACK.


WHO'S JULIE?
YES LITTLE GIRL, I HEARD YOU,... BUT I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW *EITHER*... YOUR JULIE OR A PLACE TO DRINK.
LET ME UP! I CAN TELL YOU, IF YOU TURN HER OVER...
IT'S HER TWIN SISTER, PERHAPS SHE *DOES* KNOW...
LET'S TURN HER OVER AND SEE...
WAIT! STOP!!! SHE *LIES*! SHE'LL SAY *ANYTHING* TO BE ON TOP.
I HATE HER. SHE'S *REPULSIVE* AND *UNCOOTH*! SHE ENJOYS EATING WITH *LURID PASSION*. THAT MUST BE *STOPPED*! SHE HAS ALL THE FUN. DON'T!!!
PLEASE, I *HAVE* NO SISTER, JUST TALK TO *ME*, SHE CAN'T HELP YOU!!!
WELL, IT'S ABOUT *TIME*! I THOUGHT I'D *SUFFOCATE* UNDER THERE! SHE'S NOT MY SISTER YOU KNOW.
IN FACT, LITTLE "MISS GOODY TWO SHOES" IS STARVING *BOTH OF US*! I HATE HER. SHE'S *PRISSY* AND *NEUROTIC*! SHE'S AFRAID OF EATING WITH -
YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE *HER*.
OH GOODNESS. NOT THAT.
OK, TELL US HOW TO FILL THE OUTBACK WITH WATER!
YEAH, YOU SAID YOU KNEW...
WHO'S JULIE?
YES LITTLE GIRL, I HEARD YOU...
I THINK THIS IS WHERE WE CAME *IN*...
LET ME UP. I KNOW HER!
TALK ABOUT A YO-YO DIET.


THOSE ARE TWO WACKY GALS, I WISH THEY COULD GET ALONG.
I KNOW
I WONDER WHO "JULIE" IS? I THINK IT MATTERS...
UNFORTUNATELY, WE'RE NO CLOSER TO FILLING THE OUTBACK WITH *TEARS* THAN BEFORE!
MAYBE THIS DUDE KNOWS SOMPIN? I'D SWEAR I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE.
WELL YOU COULD ASK THE *CATERPILLAR* OVER *THERE*, OR HUNDREDS OF THIRSTY *FAIRIES* EATING THE HORIZON OVER *THERE*, ASK EITHER! *BOTH* ARE MAD.
YOU "*PUMPKIN*"?
YES! THAT'S ME. I'M A "CHESHIRE PUMPKIN".
NO SILLY, I MEAN YOUR *NAME* - OH NEVER MIND. LISTEN...
WE'RE LOOKING FOR ENOUGH TEARS TO FILL THE OUTBACK WITH WATER.
MAD?
NUTS! INSANE! TOUCHED! EVERYONE *HERE* IS! THIRST HAS DRIVEN US MAD.
NOW I REMEMBER!
JULIE'S THIS CRAZY *WOMAN* I USED TO KNOW, AND A BIG SLUG'S GOT HER.
YOU MEAN *CATERPILLAR*! OVER *THERE*! HE'S VERY *SHY*, BUT IF YOU WANDER OVER, HE MIGHT EVENTUALLY *SHOW UP*, AND HELP YOU FIND YOUR FRIEND, OR *CRY* TRYING.
WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE A MAD "*PUMPKIN-CAT*"?

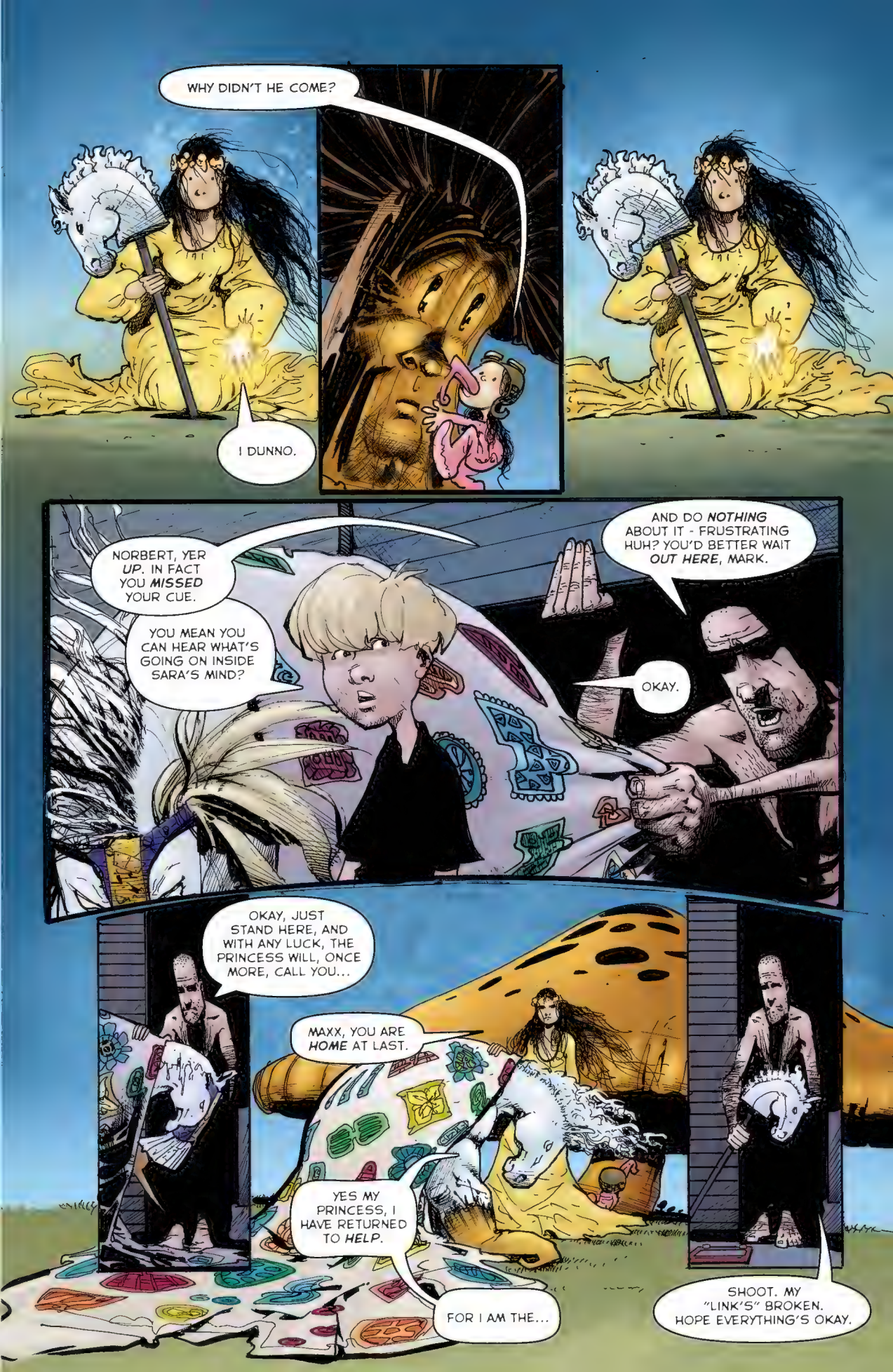

BECAUSE THE *CHESHIRE PUMPKIN* ALWAYS SPEAKS THE *TRUTH*.
THE TRUTH THE WAY *YOU* SEE IT. *YOU'RE* MAD!
ABSOLUTE TRUTH IN *PANGAEA*? THE PRINCESS SHOULD KNOW PANGAEA'S ABOUT PERSONAL TRUTHS.
DADDY! LOOK PRINCESS, IT'S HIM!
WAIT -
DADDY - I THOUGHT YOU LEFT ME AND MOMMY! BUT YOU'RE HERE!
THERE'S MY LIL' GIRL! COME TAKE A BITE OUTTA OL' DAD, HE IS THE EDIBLE KIND!
NO!

MUSTN'T EAT! POISON.
GO FOR IT, KID. PARTY DOWN.
IT'S NOT THE *REAL KING*, SARA, IT'S ONLY A *CATERPILLAR'S TRICK!*
BUT -BUT - HE'S A BIG WARM MUSHROOM.
LISTEN TO YOUR HEART SARA, DON'T BE FOOLED -
DADDY... CAN'T LOSE HIM..... I WON'T....
...DADDY
IT'S THE *CATERPILLAR* IN *DISGUISE*.
NO KIDDING. WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST CLUE?
SO MUCH FOR A "CAT'S TRUTH".
DADDY, HELP.
COME BACK PRINCESS, DADDY *NEEDS* YOU!

THE CAT SPEAKS TRUE! THE GIRL MUST ORALLY EAT THROUGH AND DIGEST HER FOE, FOR ONLY BY INTEGRATING HER REJECTED SELF SHALL SHE BE WHOLE. TAKE A BITE, KID.
BUT IT'S POISON! SHE'LL DIE. WE MUST DESTROY EVIL.
LOOK. OUT THERE. THE FAIRIES EAT THE HORIZON, BUT SOMETHING'S NOT BEING FED. THE SISTERS DEE AND DUMB DRINK, BUT NO ONE'S THIRST IS QUENCHED.
DESPERATE WHALES DRINK DRY EARTH, POINTLESSLY! WHY?
BECAUSE.... SUSTENANCE CAN'T COME ONLY FROM OUTSIDE - IT MUST COME FROM EITHER TEARS OR WOMB WATER - INSIDE.
EXACTLY! THE GIRL'S TEARS.
SO EATING THE MUSHROOM WILL MAKE HER CRY?

NO, BUT SOMETHING ELSE WILL - WATCH!
SARA! BE CAREFUL.
C'MON SWEETIE...
DADDY!
JUST A LITTLE CLOSER...
I-WUV-OO-DADDY.
I-LUUV-OO-TOO!
THERE! GOT YOU. DADDY'S ALL THE WOMB YOU'LL EVER NEED!
IF ANY HARM BEFALLS HER, TRUST ME...
...YOU WILL PAY.
I BELIEVE HER
SO DO I.

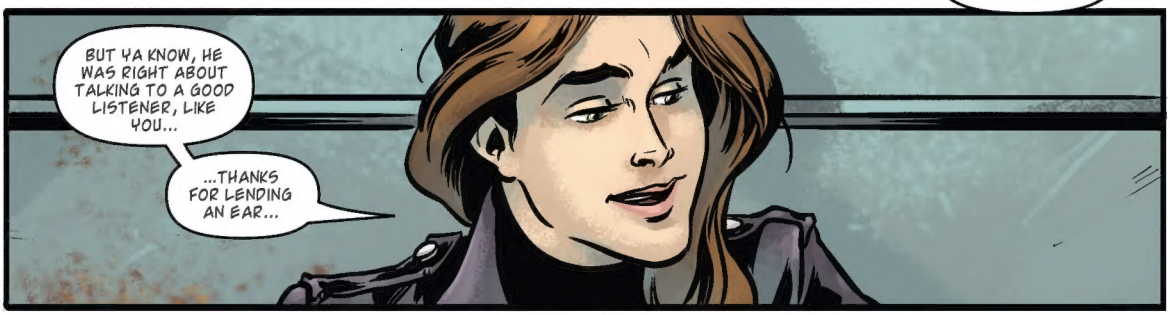
TAKE SUSTENANCE FROM YOUR OL' PA. EAT YOUR SHADOW!
HEY, THIS MUSHROOM'S HARD AND COLD LIKE A POPSICLE. I CAN'T BITE IN!
CHOMP
OH DO - :Y :ONGUES :UCK! ITH'S :ROZEN!! :ELP!
YOU KNOW WHY THE MUD SMELLS, DON'T YOU LIL' SARA? IT'S NOT MUD. IT'S COMING FROM YOU...
:ADDY WHAD :OO YOU :EAN?
YOU'RE SWIMMING IN A WORLD OF YOUR OWN - -
ENOUGH!!!
I'M SUMMONING FORTH THE HORSE SPIRIT - ...MAXX!
WITH A SINGLE STRIKE SHALL HE COME. HE SHALL REPLACE THIS HORSE TOTEM AND SAVE US ALL! RETURN GREAT PROTECTOR! YOUR PRINCESS CALLS...
WHA


WHY DIDN'T HE COME?
I DUNNO.
NORBERT, YER *UP*. IN FACT YOU *MISSED* YOUR CUE.
YOU MEAN YOU CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE SARA'S MIND?
AND DO *NOTHING* ABOUT IT - FRUSTRATING HUH? YOU'D BETTER WAIT *OUT HERE*, MARK.
OKAY.
OKAY, JUST STAND HERE, AND WITH ANY LUCK, THE PRINCESS WILL, ONCE MORE, CALL YOU...
MAXX, YOU ARE *HOME* AT LAST.
YES MY PRINCESS, I HAVE RETURNED TO *HELP*.
FOR I AM THE...
SHOOT. MY "LINK'S" BROKEN. HOPE EVERYTHING'S OKAY.

ELP! ITH ✲OLD AN I ✲AN'T ✲REATHE!
SO, MY PRINCESS, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?
SHOULD LET HER CRY, SAVE OUTBACK.
STOP CRYING AND SAVE LIL' SARA.
UHH....
A MOST INTELLIGENT RESPONSE, FOR ONE CALLING HERSELF A "PRINCESS". WHO ARE YOU STRANGERS? EXPLAIN YOURSELVES!
AND WHY HAVE YOU STUCK A MIDGET ONTO MY FROZEN TRUNK? IT TICKLES SOMETHING AWFUL. I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO...
..SMOTHER HER!

A SNEAK PEEK OF
WYNONNA EARP
CREATED AND WRITTEN BY BEAU SMITH
ART BY LORA INNES • COLORS BY JAY FOTOS • LETTERS BY ROBBIE ROBBINS
IT'S MY BOSS—IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S ORDERING ME TO DO THE ANGER MANAGEMENT, KUMBAYA THING, BUT HE DOES NAG A BIT.
HE CAN COME OFF A LITTLE PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE AT TIMES, YOU KNOW, MIXED SIGNALS?

ONE MINUTE IT'S "CRUSH, KILL, DESTROY," AND THEN THE NEXT IT'S LIKE, "LET'S RUB THEIR BELLY UNTIL THEY PURR."
I WORK BETTER WITH A LITTLE CONSISTENCY. LORD KNOWS MY CHILDHOOD DIDN'T HAVE ANY...
...DYSFUNCTIONAL HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE.


BUT YA KNOW, HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT TALKING TO A GOOD LISTENER, LIKE YOU...
...THANKS FOR LENDING AN EAR...

...'FRAID, YOU WONT BE GETTIN' IT BACK.

BLAM

BOSS WANTS TO TALK TO YOU, WYNONNA.
TALK? YOU MEAN SCREAM, NAG, YELL, SNORT, AND GIVE ME THE GENERAL STINK EYE, DON'T YOU?
COUGH... GEEZ... SHE'S GOT THE STINK PART RIGHT.
AGENT DOLLS...
...YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE TO GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY.
HMMPH... LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE ALREADY WALLOWED IN ALL THE DIRT—NOT TO MENTION ZOMBIE CRAP, WYNONNA.
MMM, ZOMBIES CEASE TO DEFECATE AFTER THEY GET ALL LIMPING DEAD. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT?
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR YOUR GRAY'S UNDEAD ANATOMY FACTOIDS, MARSHAL EARP.
WITH YOUR FLAIR FOR CARNAGE, WE DIDN'T GET MUCH HERE ON MARS DEL REY, BUT, WE DID GET A SOLID TIP FROM A SOURCE ON HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, DEBBIE DONNER.
SHE GOT OUT OF HERE BEFORE YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO "ACCIDENTLY" SHOOT HER IN THE FACE.

"DEBBIE DONNER"? WHAT PARENT—EVEN A DEMON PARENT—WOULD HANG THAT NAME ON THEIR KID?
...SAYS "WYNONNA EARP."
OOOH! HE GROWS A SENSE OF HUMOR. WHAT'S NEXT, A THIRD HEAD?
YOU'RE HEADING TO UTAH'S WEST DESERT, BETWEEN SKULL VALLEY AND THE DUGWAY PROVING GROUNDS. SHE'S THERE.
DUGWAY... WHERE SHEEP GO TO DIE.
SHEEP?
1968, SKULL VALLEY SHEEP KILL. GOVERNMENT NERVE GAS EXPERIMENTS, NERVE AGENT VX, 6,000 SHEEP DIED, ALTHOUGH A MORE ACCURATE COUNT WOULD BE 6,400.
AND YOU KNOW THIS BECAUSE...?
BECAUSE WHEN YOU GROW UP IN "HOOTERVILLE" LIKE I DID, YOU READ ANYTHING YOU CAN FIND TO KEEP FROM JABBING YOUR OWN EYES OUT WITH A NUMBER 2 PENCIL.
SEE YA IN UTAH, AGENT DOLLS.

CONTINUED IN *WYNONNA EARP* #1
ON SALE FEBRUARY 2016